

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.
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Setting Up With Her.

Will any one who has ever sparked ever forget those delicious hours? Will his heart ever grow so cold and hard that it will not melt a little, as he remembers how once he held a little white hand, toyed with her curls, and heard her whisper: "Stay a little longer; it lacks a whole hour of daylight."

She was expecting him Sunday night; the parlor curtains were down the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Johnny bribed with a cent to permit himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the "old man," who did not like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted to the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home until three o'clock. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned to New York; if his brother Bill's bill was any better, and he went over and sat on the sofa, as not to strain his voice.

Then the conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled with the sofa tidi. He finally said that it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that he grandfather predicted a snow storm. He said he guessed it would not snow, as the moon wasn't crooked enough to hang a powder horn on it, and she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give each other courage, and he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and didn't want to. Then went to talking about the donation visit to be given Elder Berry, he carelessly dropped his head on hers—his right hand, while his left arm sneaked along the sofa to get behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots and wanted to know if she thought mutton tallow rotted out boots faster than lard or lamp black. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did.

He had just commenced to look fingers with her when she discovered that something ailed the lamp. She arose and turned the lamp down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her hand again, and she pretended to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause, he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made folks love each other. She hugged up to him and admitted her ignorance. He said he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell upon her and gave her a hug. Then he went over to look out the window to make sure that it was, or was not, going to snow, and coming back he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest her head on his shoulder.

Ah me! we have been there, and who cares a cent when the clock strikes twelve—one—two, and we five miles from home! The old man goes to sleep, the watch dog goes a visiting, and the handsome girl in the country didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

Thank God the Blackburn "dynasty" is at an end. We have felt called upon frequently to speak out, as a journalist, in tones of disapprobation of his course. We have never charged corruption upon him, though others have. We have attributed his actions to incompetency rather than corruption. Now that he is no longer an official, the South Kentuckian is done with Luke Blackburn. We congratulate Kentucky upon the close of an administration begun in imbecility and ended in infamy. Detested, loathed, abhorred and despised, Dr. Blackburn will return to the shades of private life and sink into the oblivion of disgrace. Farewell, old man. "Disarmed, unowned and scourged, thus again do we devote thee to the infernal gods."—[South Kentuckian.]

STREET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mrs. S." "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

A Ghost at a Tryst.

A young fellow from the country, whose manhood is a wreck and whose finances are more dilapidated, all from dissipation, had won the affections of a pretty country maiden and insisted on meeting her against her stern father's will. A few nights ago they met and were arranging an elopement. The spot they had selected for their tryst was near an old family burying-ground and the hour was near midnight. They had made no definite plan, owing to the girl's diverseness, and the fellow was suing earnestly when a groan was heard in among the graves and a white form rose up and advanced toward the couple. Neither of them could speak or move. The figure moved slowly forward, the eyes seemingly blazing and the bones clanking as it stepped. When within a few feet of the lovers it spoke in a scarcely articulate tone, telling the youth to "Begone!" as his object was to destroy the girl's happiness after getting her money. The young fellow slid on his knees, promising to leave if he was allowed. He was granted ten seconds to get out of sight, when the girl keeled over in a faint and the young man started on a run for home. Then the old man threw down a sheet on which some phosphorus had been rubbed and some bones he had picked up, and took his girl into the house.

The young fellow left the country, and the girl is quite as gentle as a dove. The old man is happy and gives his daughter all the presents and attention he can, but has never told his part in the transaction, and she has never spoken her lover's name nor said a word of the terror that drove him from her side. [American Recorder.]

The Rage for Silk Stockings.

A Saratoga letter says: The fashionable stockings here are black silk. Some girls wear brown and dark blue, but the really stylish damsels wear them as black as night. And it can not but be admitted that a prettily turned ankle seems to win a dainty gracefulness of molding from this dark yet delicate covering. In the matter of stockings it is to be remarked that it is the very youthful and the most blooming of the gentler sex who wear the somber tints; and it is the older specimens—the same who wear Louise Quinze heels—who in case their more ancient limbs in gaudy tints and still tolerate the elaborate clockwork that was so generally favored some years ago. Fortunately for human happiness, however, the number of passe young ladies and incipient old maids is small, and therefore, the display of stockings is not a dazzling one. In fact a stranger would probably declare after a mile's walk along the piazzas that the whole town was in mourning. And it would take another mile's walk through the shops to rid him of the idea.

Human life is full of its strange ups and downs, but if we could only persuade ourselves to remember the ups and forget the downs we should be the happier for it. We are seldom as miserable as we think we are. When a single hornet stings us we need not swear that we ran against a hornets' nest and that the whole swarm came out and stung us until our bodies swelled to the size of Jumbo. Learn a lesson from the Irishman: Two brothers were rolling a huge log down a hill. One end rolled faster than the other, and Pat put his arms round it to stop it. The log rolled on, however, and one minute Pat was under the log groaning; the next minute he was on top of the log roaring for help. His brother, with a true Irishman's wit, took in the situation at a glance, and cried out: "Hold on tight, Pat, for you are on top half of the time anyway."

"BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES."—"But what do you suppose we are going to live on?" inquired a young lady of her slightly impecunious lover after the first shock of his proposal had somewhat worn off.

"Live on!" said the enthusiastic and visionary youth. "Why, darling, we will live on bread and cheese and kisses."

"Yes; well, it may be all right enough, but it's my opinion that bread and cheese, with thin slices of kisses between 'em are mighty light sandwiches for a steady diet. You'll have to talk roast beef and strawberry shortcake to me."

Nine Husbands.

Mrs. Dyer, of Cleveland, O., aged 60 years, has had nine husbands in thirty-five years, being an average of one in less than every four years. Her first two were canal boatmen and were speedily drowned while on duty; her third was a cooper, who made barrels only two months after the wedding day and departed; the fourth, however, got a better grip and lasted nine years, being quickly followed by the fifth, and then the sixth, who shook with the ague four years and then dropped off; the seventh was the brother of the second husband; the eighth another canal man who shortly after slipped into a watery grave, leaving her his canal boat, which she sold and with the proceeds had the portraits of all her husbands painted at one fell swoop by one artist. Her latest, Dyer, is not so popular as her previous husbands, "but," said she, "I was getting too old to be particular, and I took him." "He doesn't appear to be in good health," ventured to say the reporter of the Cleveland Herald, who called on her as a natural curiosity. "No, George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his picture'll soon go along with the rest of 'em," replied Mrs. Dyer.

Why They Discharged the Cook.

A man at Long Branch recently entered a restaurant and said: "Have you any clam chowder?" "We have," replied the waiter. "Bring me a plate." A plateful was placed before him and he set to work with great gusto. After he had taken about a dozen spoonfuls he drew a pair of opera glasses from his pocket and looked intently at the chowder for some time. Then he jumped into the air and shouted, "Eureka!" "What's that?" asked the proprietor. "I've got it," yelled the diner. "Got what?" asked the restaurateur. "A clam!" "Great Scott!" yelled the proprietor, "he's got the clam!" And before the diner could say a word the proprietor picked up the clam in a pair of gold pincers and bore it triumphantly to the kitchen, threw it back into a huge boiler of chowder, and said, "Who dealt the chowder to that dark haired man over there?" "I did," said the assistant cook. "Then you are discharged for dealing out the clam that we use for flavoring purposes."—[Puck.]

VIRGINIA'S NATURAL BRIDGE.—Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, writing to the Hartford Courant about the Natural Bridge of Virginia, says: "Exactly overhead, on the highest spring of the arch, is the figure of a gigantic spread eagle. It is the eagle of our coat of arms. The head, the spread wings, the claws with the arrows, are perfect. It seems to be formed by discoloration of the rock rather than by lichen. However it is made—and it could not be more striking if it were painted—it is ancient. The French engineers who made a survey and measurement of the bridge during the revolutionary war, noticed it with wonder, and in their printed report they drew from it a happy augury of the success of the Americans in the struggle. What makes the figure itself more remarkable is that a discolored patch under it is a very fair representation of a crouching lion."

John Roach the ship-builder, was a witness before the Senate Labor Inquiry Committee. He began as an employe at twelve shillings a week. Now he gives employment to three thousand men. He says workmen get better wages and work fewer hours than when he was at the bench. He favors legislation in the interest of workmen, but thinks it much more important that they be educated. He is not opposed to trades unions, but he will allow no combination of men to run his shops. He says ships can be built in this country cheaper than in England. The trouble lies in the burdens imposed on a ship after it is constructed.

The lightning does strike the same place twice sometimes. In June 29, 1763, lightning struck a church at Autrisme, fused the gilding of some niches, scorched the crucifix in a cupboard, pierced two holes in a marble closet and passed through a wall of sandstone. The damages were repaired the holes filled up. On June 29, 1864, the lightning struck the same church in precisely the same manner, eyewitnesses in both cases especially recording the sulphurous odors.

Lay in the winter's supply of coal now. After a while the driver, who is weighed with the load, will wear more and thicker clothing, and then you'll get more man and less fuel to the ton.—[Sunday Argus.]

A Burlington Society Note.

Miss Honora Dabigne has just completed a portrait of her father in oil. It would have looked more like the old gentleman, and would have smelled infinitely more like him, had she worked the portrait in whisky. Still, as a work of art, it is a very valuable painting. Thirteen dollars worth of tube colors were used in its construction, and the frame alone cost \$45. The hair wart on Mr. Dabigne's cheek is omitted in the portrait, and the right ear, which was bit off in a fight down at the red bridge ten years ago, has been restored by the magical touch of the accomplished artist. The nose of the subject, also, has been toned down, being treated in pale lakes, instead of vermilion. To get at the true soul of the subject, the immortal, the intellectual chiaro oscuro of Dabigne's nose, it would have to be treated in the lake of brimstone, if there is such a color. As a work of art, however, the portrait is one of which our city may well be proud. It can be recognized by a glance at the name of the subject, which was neatly lettered on the frame by Stepladder, the sign painter.—[Hawkeye.]

Canned Whale.

An enterprising Norwegian is said to have proved to some competent judges of edibles that portions of the flesh of whale are good to eat. Some parts have the flavor of beef, while others suggest chicken, and the most delightful fact of all this is that the meat can be sold in cans at about half the price of Australian beef. As the whale is not a fish, but a warm-blooded animal, and a very large one, too, there may seem great promise in this discovery, and it is not impossible that the Yankee whalers may soon supply grocers' shelves with canned whale. It is a curious fact, however, that sailors who have eaten whale after being away from port long enough to take keen delight in any fresh meat that is not absolutely detestable have never been known to speak enthusiastically about whale. Canned whale is not likely to take the conceit out of the Texas steer.

Jim Snively had been absent from Walla Walla several years. He returned not long since, and one of the first men he met was Bill Tinkerson. They had just taken a social drink, when Bill remarked: "Do you remember Sallie Jane Benderly?" "That great big, gawky, red headed girl with freckles as big as a dime all over her nose?" "Yes, that's the gal." "Of course I remember her. Nobody could ever forget her. It is impossible to duplicate a face like that. She had a mouth like a catfish. What of her?" "Oh, nothing, except that she is my wife, that's all." "Is that so?" exclaimed Bill, a little confused; "then let me congratulate you while we drink to the health of Sallie Jane. She may not be handsome, but she'll make you a good wife. Here's to her health."

The Scientific American mentions the decline in the price of copper as likely to lead to the increased use of that metal in building. At present the material for a copper roof costs at the outset only about twice as much as tin, and as the latter must be repaired and painted about once in three years, and in fifteen or twenty years must be renewed altogether, the copper, which never needs painting, and is practically indestructible, is much the cheaper material in the end.

Nothing that should now be done with paper should cause much surprise. Pails, tubs, tableware, floor matting, car wheels, railroad ties, houses and observatory domes are no longer novelties, and now a steamboat made almost entirely of paper is about to be launched on the Ohio River. It is twenty feet long and can carry several tons. The sheathing is a solid paper, three-fifths of an inch thick.

A thief played it very cleverly on a drug clerk of a small New York town. He entered the store and asked for the proprietor. Being informed that that worthy had gone to supper, the visitor said he was the agent for a wholesale drug house, and asked the clerk to smell and taste the contents of a bottle he held forth. Complying, the clerk lost consciousness, improving into the character of this painful disease. To conclude you of 10 great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Standard, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Alexander Plummer, of Escanaba, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expellent the best cough remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Standard, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Brain Work and Food.

The notion that those who work only with their brain need less food than those who labor with their hands has long been proved to be fallacious. Mental labor causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates three hours of hard study wears out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus no thought," is a German saying, and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which this organ is required to perform. The wear and tear of the brain are easily measured by careful examination of the salts in the liquid excretions. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one fortieth of that of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brainworkers require more food and even better food than mechanics and farm laborers.—[Boston Journal of Chemistry.]

Col. Sam M. Burdett.

Sam M. Burdett, of Garrard county, is being urged to make the race for Congress in the Eighth District next year. This is Phil. Thompson's district, and it is not probable that Thompson will offer again. Mr. Burdett is a young lawyer of high rank at the bar, a man of fine character and unusual attainments. We do not know of any man in the district who would make a better Congressman, or whose election would give more satisfaction. The standard of the Kentucky delegation in Congress would be kept up in such an event, and an able man advanced as he deserves.—[Louisville Commercial.]

A black and tan dog, belonging to the daughter of rich Chicago parents, was accidentally killed in New York last week. The body was placed in a satin-lined walnut coffin and sent to Chicago for burial. "For heaven's sake say nothing about it," said the undertaker who had the job in hand to a reporter, "or we shall be swamped with that sort of business. It is growing all the time. No such thing as a dog funeral was heard of a few years ago, but we now have about two dozen of them a year."

A Chicago wholesale house sent out three female drummers by way of experiment. One of them wore all her samples to a picnic, and got lemonade, dye and grass stains all over them; another got mashed on a brake-man and followed him off, and the third reported three new dresses, a lawn tennis suit, a garden hat, and a Langtry bang in her expence account. The house is well satisfied with the result of the experiment.

Gold rings are made out of bars from nine to fifteen inches long. A bar fifteen inches long, two inches wide and three sixteenths of an inch in thickness is worth \$1,000. Each ring goes through a dozen or so processes and in twenty minutes is a marketable ring.

Gen. Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced. Now, if Mrs. Sherman should adopt the same system with her young gentleman acquaintances, how the old war horse would kick. It is often a very poor rule that works both ways.—[Burlington Hawkeye.]

An apple tree in Mercer county is now believed to be ninety years old, and has not failed to bear fruit every season for 60 years. Five feet from the ground it measures around the trunk ten feet nine inches, and is believed to be the largest apple tree in the world.

This way, ladies, let us give you a "pointer" for your next argument: Of 91,997 insane people in the United States 44,448 are males and 47,549 are females, while of 76,895 idiots, 45,309 are males and only 31,586 are females.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To conclude you of 10 great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Standard, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

About two-fifths of all who go to an untimely grave die with the dyspepsia, consumption, Brown's Expellent has cured every case it has been tried on where the disease has not been allowed to run beyond the control of medicine. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Standard, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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